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SONNETS  
—OF—  
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# Sonnets of Holy Land.

With an Introduction on the Pilgrimage

to Palestine.

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BY

REV. JOHN DURWARD.

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1890.

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DEDICATION.

To the Members of the First American  
Pilgrimage to Palestine.

I DID not wish the anniversary of the Holy Week we spent together in the Holy City to pass without at least a small harvest of fruit, as an incentive, alike, and an earnest. The history of our Pilgrimage has yet to be written. These sonnets, composed in the localities, are a few of the thoughts those spots awakened, crystallized into verse. They are here laid at your feet by

THE AUTHOR.

Baraboo, Wis., Feb. 22, 1890.



## INTRODUCTORY.



I. Not only to the Jew, but to every thinking man, Jerusalem must ever be the holiest of cities. It is the type alike of each human soul; of the Church on earth; of the mansion of Heaven.

Everyone can read the history of his own heart and mind between the lines of Jerusalem's history. The favors of God that have dropped noiselessly on us, "like the dew on Hermon," or rushed forcefully like "the torrent in the South;" the disregard, too often, of these graces; the hardening of the heart against the goodness; the rejection of the mercy; the calling down of the vengeance; the long estrangement from virtue and God; but His still longer arm that touched us and held us; and His endless love that ultimately won us back; the walls of doctrine that He builded round us; the cisterns of grace, plentiful as water, that He digged for us; the continued falling off from Him, alas! and the scourged return — how well are all these recorded in the story of Jerusalem!

And it represents the Church. Seated on its hill, so that it cannot be hidden, a light alike, and a target for all; encircled by its strong walls and its gates where justice lives, and which

Hell's gates cannot destroy ; to which the tribes ascend ; where the *Urim* and the *Thummim* gleam ; where the candlestick dispells the darkness, and where its name secures peace.

Builded of stones, many and curious, varied from the rough limestone of the wildernesses' hills, to the smooth alabaster, and the sculptured porphyry,—as the Church ascends, stone by stone, of unlettered peasant, as well as of scholar and saint.

But Jerusalem is also our figure of Heaven. “Jerusalem my happy home,” is on every tongue ; and priest lips intone, at least once in a year,

Cœlestis urbs Jerusalem  
Beata pacis visio.

And how wondrously St. John in the Apocalypse, not only himself sees, but shows to us the vision of that New City, with its wall, great and high, with its three gates to every wind, with its twelve foundations, of jasper and sapphire, of chalcedony and of emerald, of sardonyx and sard, of chrysolite and of beryl, of topaz, and chrysoprase, of jacinth and amethyst. Its twelve gates, too, each of one several pearl, and the city of pure gold.

The pilgrimage to Palestine, thus, more than any other, running parallel to our life of pilgrimage, appeals to every heart. It includes also all others, as Our Lord's life includes that of all the saints. He is more a prophet than Isaias, more an apostle than Peter, more a martyr than James, more a virgin than Mary, more a confessor than Meinrad. So the pilgrimage

to the Holy Land surpasses all—Compostello, Rome, Loretto, Einsiedeln.

II. There are those who would deify pilgrimages, sheltering themselves behind Thomas á Kempis, who, however, says nothing to the point. But the Church in all ages has attached great indulgences to them, and to this first American pilgrimage to Palestine Pope Leo XIII., gloriously reigning, granted absolute dispensation from all fast and abstinence, although the time was Lent.

And let us consider: Religion is based on veneration; and one of the dreariest manifestations of the decay of faith in our land and age is the lack of veneration. It is Goethe, I think, who insists on "three reverences," as essential to the good man; reverence, namely, for what is above us, for what is around us, and for what is below us. And it is not the lack merely of veneration for what is unknown, being high, but the absence of reverence for anything. We see it in the young who have no high respect for parents or for age; we see it in the grown, who despise the church; it finds its humorous but degrading expression in the Mark Twains, the Bill Nyes and the Chas. Lederers. Reading these we almost envy the savage who would not believe that there were people who did not say, "Oh!" to anything, as he did before his gods.

But pilgrimage is veneration in which the body joins. It is not indeed the wisdom of the proverb, "the rolling stone gathers no moss." But are these sayings of Ben. Franklin not

the very essence of worldliness, that says: "Soul, thou hast many good things, enjoy them," and are not the Arabs in some way higher than we who surround ourselves with the comforts of life and dare not leave them?

It is a cheering sign, then, that the spirit of pilgrimage is again awaking, for, as cold at the extremities denotes a low state of animal vitality, so disregard of what we may call the non-essentials of religion shows an impoverished spiritual life.

And fervor of spirit breathed in the band of nearly a hundred persons who assembled in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the morning of Feb. 20, 1889, to pray the *Itinerarium* and to receive the blessing of Archbishop Corrigan. The list of the Pilgrims is as follows:

#### FIRST SECTION.

Rev. Anthony Arnold, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Wendelin Guhl, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. Adam F. Tonner, New York City; Rev. James Pfeiffer, Enochsburg, Ind.; Rev. P. M. Kennedy; Birmingham, Conn.; Rev. John Russell, New Haven, Conn.; Rev. A. G. Spierings, Keyport, N. J.; Rev. A. Hurly, Rosemount, Minn.; Rev. J. J. Gabriel, St. Leon, Ind.; Mr. Jacob Shandorf, Manlius Station, N. Y.; Mr. Patrick Lilly, New York City; Mrs. Patrick Lilly, New York City; Mr. John B. Manning, New York City; Mr. John Manning, New York City; Master Robert Collier, New York City; Mr. J. T. Michau, New York City; Mrs. J. T. Michau, New York City; Mr. Michael W. Cos-

tello, Boston, Mass.; Mr. John P. Brady, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. T. H. Bowes, Columbus, Ohio; Mr. Jos. Donahue, Columbus, Miss.; Miss Mary McFarland, Boston, Mass.; Miss Bridget Kilkenny, Boston, Mass.; Miss Annie Weaver, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss E. A. Ford, New York City; Miss Fannie Herle, Boston, Mass.; Miss Mary Connelly, Boston, Mass.; Miss Julia Harrington, Charlestown, Mass.; Miss Annie Doherty, Charlestown, Mass.; Miss A. E. F. Brewer, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss F. G. Snyder, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss E. McCarthy, Denver, Col.; Miss Helen Dannemiller, Canton, Ohio; Miss Mary F. Deveny, Boston, Mass.

### SECOND SECTION.

Rev. F. Bender, Pueblo, Col.; Rev. J. T. Durward, Baraboo, Wis.; Rev. J. J. Dunn, Meadville, Pa.; Rev. J. Buckley, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Mr. Jas. Lee, Plymouth, Pa.; Mr. Theodore Mottu, Baltimore, Md.; Mr. Jas. C. Connor, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Frank Headen, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Daniel McCann, Chicago, Ill.; Mr. Wm. P. Ginther, Akron, Ohio; Mr. Wm. Byrne, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Wm. Byrne, Jacksonville, Fla.; Mrs. Jane Nolan, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Alice Byrne, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss Mary Jane Byrne, Jacksonville, Fla.; Miss S. L. Burke, Philadelphia, Pa.

### THIRD SECTION.

Rt. Rev. W. M. Wigger, D.D., Bishop of Newark, N. J.; Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, Bishop of Nashville, Tenn.; Rt.

Rev. Monsignor Seton, Jersey City, N. J.; Very Rev. Chas. A. Vissani, New York City; Very Rev. John F. Fierens, Portland, Oregon; Rev. M. J. Phelan, New York City; Rev. Jno. Walsh, Troy, N. Y.; Rev. J. M. Nardiello, Bloomfield, N. J.; Rev. Frederick Kivelitz, Freehold, N. J.; Rev. L. C. Carroll, Jersey City, N. J.; Rev. W. P. Cantwell, Metuchen, N. J.; Rev. J. C. Dunn, Newark, N. J.; Rev. J. A. O'Grady, New Brunswick, N. J.; Rev. M. E. Kane, Red Bank, N. J.; Rev. M. Carroll, Alleghany City, Pa.; Rev. Geo. Meyer, Fryburg, Pa.; Rev. Christopher Hughes, Fall River, Mass.; Rev. P. J. Harkins, Holyoke, Mass.; Rev. J. J. Keogh, Milwaukee, Wis.; Rev. Stephen Trant, Racine, Wis.; Rev. H. Robinson, Leadville, Col.; Rev. H. J. Rousseau, Ispheming, Mich.; Rev. F. J. Blanc, Pass Christian, Miss.; Rev. Jno. Harty, Providence, R. I.; Rev. Franesco Di Giovanni, Rome, Italy; Rev. Jno. Koeberle, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mr. Jas. T. Quinn, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. James C. Farrell, Albany, N. Y.; Mr. A. Neupert, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Chas. Bork, Buffalo, N. Y.; Mr. Jno. Ford, New York City; Mr. J. Herbert Ledwith, New York City; Mr. Alois Muller, New York City; Mr. Joseph F. Ismay, New York City; Mr. Wm. Noonan, Elizabethport, N. J.; Mrs. Wm. Noonan, Elizabethport, N. J.; Mr. C. P. Harkins, Newton, Mass.; Mr. Patrick Coyle, Waterbury, Conn.; Mr. Joseph Lefebre, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Louis Dion, St. Paul, Minn.; Mr. Jno. F. Hoebing, Wall Lake, Iowa; Dr. Wm. E. Carroll, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Elizabeth C. McCartin, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Isabel T. McCartin, Jersey City, N. J.; Miss Katie Daly, Jersey City,

N. J.; Miss C. Quinn, Albany, N. Y.; Miss Carrie Cantwell, Fall River, Mass.; Miss Catherine Harkins, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Grace M. Harkins, Holyoke, Mass.; Miss Annie Carroll, Alleghany City, Pa.; Miss Josephine I. McCall, New York City; Mrs. Marie F. Farnham, New York City.

Their banner told their aim. On one side: "First American Pilgrimage to Palestine;" and on the reverse: "His Sepulchre shall be Glorious."

It does not require the cockle shell and staff and the sandaled foot to make the pilgrim; it is the intention. Our civilization has altered the mode of traveling, but not necessarily killed the spirit of the traveler. And the Pilgrimage was a religious act. These men and women were not pleasure-seekers or sight-seers, although they took much pleasure by the way, and saw much. But their going was from a motive of faith and veneration. There was a millionaire in their number, but the majority were poor—priests, who for years had denied themselves many luxuries, yes, servants, who spent the hoardings of their lifetime to stand in these holy places.

III. There is a disappointment inevitable in all historical places. From our infancy we have pictured them to ourselves, not as they *are*, but as they *were* when the events happened that made them loved. So here in Holy Land our heart is not satisfied. Fain would we see the ox and the ass in the gloom of the hillside stable; fain would we find the rude tools scattered around Joseph's workshop, and, perhaps, an unfinished

plow-beam which the Child Jesus had shaped : it would answer our expectations better to find Calvary a lone hill, outside the city walls, with the three crosses still standing out against a grey sky—but all this is impossible ; and in our world of change, in the catastrophies that have swept over this land, the only practical means to preserve these places to us at all is just what has been done—build churches over them.

But although reason is satisfied, devotion is sadly lost in the crowded mart, up to the very doors of the sanctuary, as when, in wrath, the Lord scourged the buyers and sellers ; lost in the bustle of the thronged temple, yes, even in the public worship that elsewhere would have edified.

It adds, however, a fresh grandeur to the architecture of God, a new charm to the mountains of Judea and to the blue waters of Galilee, to feel that these at least are unchanged ; that the same bending hills His eyes rested on, and the same azure waters His feet pressed.

Again in these holy lands we are embarrassed by the riches. It is not only that we see too many places—as in a gallery we see too many pictures—but besides this, every place has a multitude of phases. Here near Bethlehem was, perhaps, the terrestrial Paradise. Our thoughts fly back to the beginning of things, and this Bethlehemite, in his jacket of sheep-skin, with the wool outside, and his spade in his hand, is Adam going to his sweaty labor, in garments God-made.

But near here Abraham dwelled, and yonder old man with

flowing beard, followed by a boy, may be the Patriarch journeying northward to the mountain which God will show him, on which to offer his son—hardest obedience ever asked of man.

But again, this is the City of David, and we picture to ourselves the boy with his sling and stones, or the King with his harp, or the Penitent writing his psalms. And still again, here was the Nativity that gave us a new year to date from; here the song of angels, the sole one heard by mortals; here the homage of the shepherds; here the gold, the incense and the myrrh; here the Babe of the straw, that makes Christmas still the feast of children.

We could go on endlessly connecting event upon event with each locality; but this is enough to show what I mean. In every place many different histories come before one, and the imaginative man is almost dazzled.

Yet without the power of imagination and of memory to bring up the past, without a knowledge of history, what profit to travel in this land, or, indeed, anywhere?

IV. There are minds which are always disturbing others' devotion and their own, if they have any left, by calling in doubt the authenticity of Holy Sites. "What superstition," they will exclaim, "to kneel and kiss these spots, when we have no certainty that they are the very localities!"

Does not this spirit itself betray superstition? Why do they strain so after the exact spot? Is it then the *ground* they would worship? In the heart of the true believer it is

Jesus who is venerated, not the earth, His footstool, and whether the spot on which He stood at a given moment of His life be here or a few rods distant is not of much concern. It is much more a matter of devotion than of topography. These are the sites as nearly as can be ascertained of the mysteries that have linked earth with Heaven, and here I pour forth my soul in thankfulness.

Joyfully do I read in Thomson's excellent work, *The Land and the Book*:

“ Is it not possible that we Protestants carry our dislike for what is doubtful, or, at best, traditional, farther than is either necessary or profitable? Do not the purest and best feelings of our nature prompt us to preserve and protect from desecration such sites as that of the Holy Sepulchre? What, in fact, is it which gives such supreme gratification to our pilgrimage to Jerusalem? Is it not because we find the names of Olivet, Bethany, Gethsemane, Calvary, Zion, and the like clinging to those sacred sites and scenes, with invincible tenacity, through wars and destructions absolutely without parallel and repeated down long centuries of most dismal darkness and confusion worse confounded? And because in the death struggle to hold fast those sacred landmarks ignorant men have perverted them to selfish purposes or pushed becoming reverence and love over into sinful superstition, are we, therefore, to scout the whole thing and scowl upon those cherished sites and upon those who have cherished them? ”

"I more than admit that nothing can justify idolatry ; but is even a little too much reverence in such a case as odious to Him in whose honor it is manifested, as cold neglect or proud contempt?"

But have we no proofs that will satisfy an inquiring mind that these sites are authentic? We have for most of them the best of proof. I will not weary the reader with archeology, but ask him to consider two points: 1. Under Constantine Christianity triumphed over the Roman Empire, then Empire of the East also. Helen, the mother of Constantine, had a nation's resources at her command, and she was determined to locate the true spots of the incidents of Our Saviour's life ; she had all the help she needed of excavators ; she had the wisest archeologists in her employ ; satisfied that she had found these sites, she erected churches over them. Not to mention the miracles that pious legend sends to her aid, was less than three hundred years very far to go back and identify spots or articles? In the face of the mummies of Egypt's kings, who reigned 4,000 years ago, proved to the satisfaction of the learned to be authentic, three hundred years is as nothing.

And the East changes little; a conservative nation has ever peopled it, and in a land without much of a literature, tradition holds a much more important position than with us, in these days of printing-presses. There Patriarch is Historian, and History is tale handed from father to son. Three long lives would bridge the, to some, formidable gulf. 2. The

other consideration is this, and it is the one consolation that mitigates the pain of the Babel of confusion at these holy shrines—the principal religions of the world are there contending for the possession of these spots.

Do men quarrel over the possession of a counterfeit note? No! only for the genuine. If these arguments fail to convince the sceptic, and he still insist that an artful clergy, has, by dint of repetition, located these spots, let him try to fix one single locality by all the iteration of which he is capable, and see how many pilgrims will kneel and venerate it.

Nor do Catholics cling slavishly to traditional sites. Thus Heiss follows Maldonatus in conceding that some spur of Hermon is more probably the place of the Transfiguration than Tabor, and a learned priest in Rome assured me that recent discoveries place the crucifixion of St. Peter on the spot where his Basilica stands, though this makes the good monks of Pietro in Montorio hold up their hands in horror.

There is no spot on earth that we are bound in faith to esteem infallibly authentic. These are facts to be verified by the ordinary methods of investigation. In the absence of mention in the Holy or other scriptures, tradition will doubtless be the surest guide, and being in possession the burden of proof will lie with him who differs from it. But the pilgrim will ordinarily go in the spirit of devotion and not of criticism. Unless he have years of time to devote to the work, to try to authenticate localities would be presumptuous. He must be

content to take them as the centuries before him have taken them, and he will not be staggered if in the light of future discoveries one or other of the spots should be proved erroneous. It is an affair of the heart, not of the brain.

V. Many new thoughts will fill the mind of the pilgrim from the West. 1. That he is in a land without progress ; that he is back among the Patriarchs ; among the flocks and herds with Jacob ; with Ruth in the fields of Boaz ; with Saul among the asses ; that the two women are still grinding at the mill ; that the oxen are still treading out the corn and the vintner still trampling the wine-press as of yore.

2. That for the first time he is face to face with a nation not Christian, but Mohammedan. For however much Christians may unfortunately differ in many points, we still, thank God, possess the broad standing-ground in common—the belief that Christ is God and the Redeemer of the world. The Catholic feels that his Protestant brother is nearer to him than he before realized. But he will observe that the Mohammedan is a man of prayer. Prayer is indeed a characteristic of the Eastern mind ; it is not relegated to the church or the chamber, as with us, but is a part of the public, out-of-door life of Oriental peoples. There is a merchant sitting cross-legged in his booth ; he is praying his beads. There is a pedestrian on the highway ; he spreads his mat, and, with face toward Mecca, performs his orisons. There is a *voyageur* on the deck of the Mediterranean boat that steams out of Smyrna, smelling of figs ; he makes

his many prostrations undisturbed by the multitude around him. And of that multitude, every Oriental, be he Turk or Buddhist, Armenian or Greek, looks on with reverence. The average Anglo-Saxon, I blush to say it, will ridicule or scorn. Have we gained, even though we still believe in God, that prayer to Him is something to be hidden, or to be ashamed of?

The Oriental mind, too, seems lacking in fun. Does laughter grow with civilization? The Arab does not understand a joke, as least such jokes as we make. One of our party complained of the oranges: "God made them, who made the world," said the waiter, with the utmost seriousness and dignity.

Nearing the Dead Sea, I asked the guide if fishes lived in it. On his assuring me that it was too salt, I said that I thought the salt fish of commerce might grow there. Instead of taking it as a joke, he answered: "Father, you are exceeding the bounds of propriety!"

3. He will be struck by the fact, also, that so far as regards the majority of believers in Christ, he is in the midst of a Christianity which is neither Catholic nor Protestant. So accustomed are we to divide Christians into these two classes, that it comes like a revelation, that there is a powerful Church numbering eighty millions who are neither. Protestants they are not, for they have the Mass, the sacraments and *almost* the faith of Catholics, and the Protestant rule of faith—private interpretation of the Bible—is unknown to them.

But neither are they Catholics, for they reject the authority of the Pope, that centripetal force that keeps the Church together. It is the Greek Church.

Not without reason has another collection been added to the already numerous appeals to our charity—that for the Holy Land—for the Greeks, especially the Russians, are most aggressive, and in Palestine every privilege is obtained by money.<sup>1</sup>

There are holy places already where we dare not say Mass. Such are the Cenacle on Mount Zion, the Tomb of the Virgin near Gethsemane, the spot of our Saviour's birth at Bethlehem.

These are held exclusively, the first by the Turks, the two latter by the Greeks, who eagerly occupy any ground lost by us.

There is much religious activity among them, but their whole Church is permeated to the core by Simony. Ecclesiastical offices are sold for money; for money the Holy Eucharist is given without confession, and even the poor woman who presents herself for the priest's blessing, is asked whether she wants one for a dime or one for a dollar! This was related by the Archbishop of Athens, and contrasting the attitude of Greeks and Hebrews to the Catholic Church, he said, "The Jews will be converted to the truth a few minutes *before* the last Judgment; the Greeks, a few minutes *after* it."

Nor could a more appropriate time be ordered for this collection than Holy Week, when our heart is in Jerusalem—

where our treasure is—under the olive trees, in the Pretorium, on the Via Dolorosa, on Calvary, in the Tomb or in the Garden risen.

4. That the Holy Scriptures can only be fully understood if read in the land that produced them.

How much of the imagery of the Bible is derived, for instance, from the Flora of Palestine! As we view these terraced hillsides, with their grapevines, these stone-surrounded olives, and these fig-trees with their large, dark foliage, how we appreciate the beauty and truthfulness of that first apostrophe spoken by Joatham from the top of blessed Gerizim to the people of Sichem. Judges ix, 12.

The trees desire a king, but the fig, the olive and the vine decline the honor. “Can I leave my sweetness and delicious fruit?” “Can I leave my fatness?” “Can I leave my wine that cheers gods and men,” to be promoted among the other trees? What could be more happily expressed? The fatness, the sweetness, the cheering juice!

Then we will see at the Jordan the mustard growing larger than all the herbs, yea, becoming a tree fifteen feet in height; we will see the *Psoralia*, much resembling our red clover, and which the Arabs told me, in their language, was styled “the flower of the grass,” the identical metaphor used by St. James to express the transitoriness of man’s life. All flowers are short-lived, but this being a fodder plant, and therefore cut and “cast into the oven,” is particularly so. We will see in

the Garden of Gethsemane the little *Adonis*, fabled by heathen mythology to have sprung from the blood, boar-spilled, of the loved of Venus. Can there not be a Christian mythology, as well as a Pagan one, and may these flowers not remind us, at least, without superstition, of the night when “ His sweat became as drops of blood ”?

As we pass the hut of the Arab, we smell the lentil pottage, and half condone Esau’s fault. In the grain fields we see the farmer gathering the tares out of the wheat. They call it *Zawān*, and say it causes dizziness, if eaten.

In the clefts of our rocky path, we will gather the rose of Sharon, and undisturbed by the botanical fact that it is not a rose, but a *Cistus*, will delight to call it by its time-honored name.

But how the beloved of the Canticle is seen in the flowers of this land! How her lips glow in the closed bell of the Pomegranate flower! How she towers up in stateliest majesty in the palm tree. How her beauty is seen in the anemones and the lilies—red and white—how her sweetness is felt in the spikenard and the blossom of the grape, and her twining arms in the trailing vines of En-gedi!

What is here said of the Flora, is true likewise of the customs of the people, and their habits of thought, is true of the seasons and of the characteristics of mountain or plain. They all illustrate the Scripture narrative, and the true guide-book to carry is the Bible.

VI. Folk tradition says that the last Judgment will be held in the valley of Jehosophat. It would only be in keeping with the law of nature whereby everything comes back in an endless round to where it had its origin. The Greeks claim that the *Umbilicus Terræ* is in their chapel, within the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; and from Palestine, as from a centre, has radiated the world, its people, its history, its faith and its light. It is not a beautiful country; but as we view its stony hills and its treeless plains, its deep-cut gorges, and its waterless valleys, we think of the grey hairs—now few—of our Mother's brow, of furrows that solicitude for us has worn in her cheeks—and we love this land for what it *has been*.







## The Holy Sepulchre.

THE Moslem guards the Saviour's gracious tomb ;  
 The Latin purchases the right to kiss—  
 In transports higher than a lover's bliss—  
 Prostrate, that hill from out whose rocky womb  
 True Life arose ; and every dusky race,  
 Greek, Copt, Armenian, Negro, fights for room  
 To hang a lamp, or kneel in holiest place.  
 The Jew would come, but dare not, to deface :  
 Thus do the world's religions strive in blood  
 This Sepulchre to hold, and striving prove—  
 None struggling long for an uncertain good—  
 The authenticity of all we love.  
 Sceptic and scoffer learn from what ye see :  
 Then kneel ; these wranglings are our warranty.

*Jerusalem, April 7.*

## Joppa.

WHAT doest thou in yon ship's darkling hold,  
 Truant from duty, when Assyria's fate  
 Hangs on thy penance-message still untold,  
 Which two score mornings now will bring too late ?  
 Say not I am a child—divine mandate  
 Can years confer. Say with the Harper old :  
 Ah ! whither from Thy spirit can I fare,  
 Where hide me from Thy face ? I said the night  
 Would cover me ; it scorched my sins with light.  
 Shall I ascend to Heaven ? Thou art there :  
 Or shall I make my bed in Hell ? Thy eye  
 Views the abyss. Or to seas' utmost bourne  
 Taking the wings of morning can I fly ?  
 Even there Thy hand can lead, Thy right hand  
 make me turn.

*Jaffa, April 6.*

**El-Kuds.**

THE HOLY CITY.

“**B**LESSED the peacemakers”: then happy thou, Jerusalem! thou Queen, with lips that bless; Built on the hill that even those not seeking May find, and share thy peace of holiness. Sainting our latter day, how burst thy buds From hoary olive stem this April weather, Thou great King’s City, built compact together, Rock founded high above the sands and floods. Altar of sacrifice eterne! with bloods The holiest in history sanctified; From Zachary’s, that to venging Heaven cried, To Jesus’ wounds, louder for pardon speaking: By Jew, by Moslem and by Christian loved; Forever, allwhere and to all—*El-Kuds.*

*Jerusalem, April 7.*

## The Real Presence.

IN THE TEMPLE AREA, JERUSALEM.

**S**HECHINAH'S awe and tabernacle's glory  
 And Temples' stones and sacrificial pyre  
 That made this spot adored in Bible story,  
 Did they in ignominious end expire ?  
 Say rather that the lower by the higher  
 Light was eclipsed, as stars by sunlight's beam ;  
 Or, still more truly, as that noon tide fire  
 Continues, not destroys, the morning gleam.  
 The Real Presence in our churches resting  
 For incompleteness of the past atones ;  
 Building the Temple and the Levite vesting,  
 Turning to altar yonder quarried stones.  
 The prophecy has found fulfillment clear ;  
 The House of God, in three days built, is here !

*April 8.*

## Bethany.

HOUSE OF MARY AND MARTHA.

ONCE flowers bloomed around this threshold lowly,  
 Trodden so oft by Him whose ways were peace ;  
 Those feet most beautiful on mountain holy  
 Making all growth of noxious herbage cease,  
 Made, too, of rarest blossoms sweet increase :  
 Now poison weeds usurp the favored room ;  
 Fragrance gives place to stench ; brightness to gloom ;  
 The wheat is dead, the cockle triumphs solely.  
 So virtues spring where'er His feet are pressed ;  
 So vices thrive where Jesus' steps ne'er come ;  
 John glows to love upon the Saviour's breast,  
 But fades all truth where wisdom's voice is dumb.  
 That careless life is but of weeds possessed  
 By sacrifice and sacrament unblessed.

*April 14.*

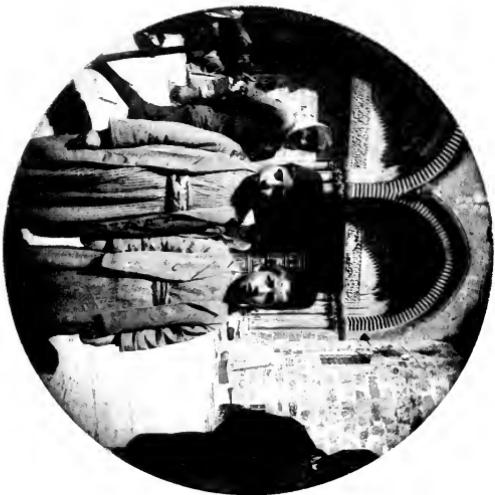
## Mass at the Tomb.

### I.

**A**S warrior keeps the vigil of his fight  
 Before the altar where his armour lies,  
 That, girded on him, with deep mysteries,  
 Sends him afield a consecrated Knight—  
 So in this domed Basilic's mystic light,  
 Where countless lamps their checkered radiance  
     throwing

Brighten smooth shaft or deep recess's gloom,  
 I kneeling watch for faintest streak of white  
 O'er pagan Moab's distant mountains showing,  
 To offer sacrifice upon the Tomb.  
 Bind, soldier, bind in strong Jehovah's power  
 The sword upon thy thigh, that thou mayest be,  
 Clothed in the signal honor of this hour,  
 A knight for God, and for Humanity !

*The Sepulchre, April 8.*



ACOLYTES OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

NAME

1881



SEA OF GALILEE.

NAME

1881



## Mass at the Tomb.

II.

**T**N my hand's sepulchre the Body lies :  
 And very early in this morning dim,  
 Three Maries crowd around my sacrifice ;  
 With eager pilgrim feet, asking for Him.  
 They come, alert, the spikenard cruet bearing—  
 They come with sanctity's sweet odour rare ;  
 The darkened myrrh, with opal-balsam sharing  
 The privilege to touch that Body fair—  
 Sorrow and love, for Him the meet preparing—  
 Rapture and grief—both sanctified by pain—  
 Heart bleedings 'neath a rod wounding yet sparing,  
 Repentance's bitter drop, but sweeter gain.  
 Triumphant conqueror of the grave, arise !  
 And in these hearts complete Thy victories.

*Jerusalem, April 9.*

## Old Maids.

IN Bethany unlearn the lesson cruel  
Taught by a sneering world with Hagar tongue,  
That to God's scheme, an old maid is a wrong :  
That woman has a mission only dual,  
Either for marriage bond, or cloister vow.  
To higher wisdom rise, and ponder, how  
To Salem's gates, by pathway plain or faint  
We cross Jehosophat's or Hinnom's vale :  
That in God's house there many mansions are ;  
And many duties in his vineyard's pale ;  
And many niches to be filled by saint  
That differs each from each, as star from star.  
Such niches old maids fill, in Martha's mood,  
With vow is spirit kept, a secular sisterhood.

*Bethany, April 14.*

## Origin of Wine.

HEBREW FABLE.

**¶**HEN Noah, surfeited with water, planted  
The grape vine on Armenian Ararat,  
With nose prophetic Satan smelled the vat  
To be, and his part in the business wanted.  
“Agreed,” said Noah, “water you the vine.”  
‘Twas hard, for stream was none; but nothing daunted,  
He kills a lamb, a lion caught in toil,  
And dirty hog, of all dumb beasts most dumb,  
With blood of these moistening the thirsty soil.  
Emblems these three of the effect of wine:  
Who drink not, innocent as lambs remaining;  
Who drink in measure, lions brave become,  
Who drink to fullness, like the wallowing swine  
Grovel in filth, forever stained and staining.

## The Angel's Commission to Despairing Lot.

A LEGEND OF HOLY CROSS MONASTERY.

“**S**IN laden Lot, if grows this stripling tree  
 Thy soul shall live, from wrong and crime forgiven :  
 But if it die, then are the gates of Heaven,  
 Those gates of joy, closed against thine and thee.  
 Serve it from Jordan’s wave.” And instantly  
 (For true repentance shirks not penance sore)  
 He measures with unsandaled foot the seven  
 Long leagues of rock that lie between that shore.  
 “Oh! give us of your water, or we die!”  
 The blear-eyed lepers hissed from roadside bed :  
 And so in Charity the cruse ran dry.  
 “Love is a shower,” the returning angel said,  
 “Better than Hermon’s dew : Mourn not thy loss ;  
 Thy plant shall live.” That tree became the Cross !

*Ain Karin, April 11.*

## Sisters of Zion.

FOUNDED BY ALPHONSE RATISBON.

“**K**EEP not for me, but for your children’s fate ;”  
 The Daughters of Jerusalem heard amazed,  
 Nor understood, until, that city razed,  
 Each mother stood, like Niobe, desolate.  
 Mourning her young that in the market sate :  
 Mourning her child with head dashed on the stone :  
 Mourning the one, that, more unfortunate,  
 Raised at deserted cross-roads piteous moan.  
 To-day her daughters hear the Saviour’s word ;  
 And from those streets and deserts gather in,  
 To House by convert Ratisbon conferred,  
 Those little ones scattered by Judah’s sin.  
 The tear of grief to useful labor turns :  
 By dark-robed sister’s knee, the dark child learns.

*Jerusalem, April 10.*

*Bethany.*

¶ H, Martha, will Rabboni come to-night ?  
With hope deferred my soul is sick and dying ;  
My foolish eyes and thoughts are ever flying  
Along yon dusty way so grimly white :  
A train of camels, clear-drawn in the light  
That sinks behind the Temple's golden gate,  
Or Bedouin fierce, or traveler belate—  
Nothing but these rewards my anxious sight.  
Sister ! I feel he comes—is here—but lo !  
Not from Jerusalem, but from Jericho.  
Blest they who hear the footsteps of our Lord ;  
Their fall 'mid louder, vulgarer sounds discerning :  
Who in misfortune's pang, or sorrow's burning  
See only the approach of One adored.

Ʒizyphus Spina Christi.

¶N Mount Moriah grew the thorny tree,  
 Holding the ram that bled for Abraham's son :  
 And when the Lamb of God the ransom won  
 That meanest slave and sinner son might be,  
 The *Spina Christi* compassed that pale brow,  
 And crowned him till the sacrifice was done ;  
 Until the pitying Father sheathed his knife,  
 And in the Son's death, came the son to life.  
 Still grow these thorns on Salem's stony hills :  
 Still Zion's Daughters plait them to a crown,  
 Which even the hardest heart with feeling thrills  
 Compelling it Love's sovereignty to own.  
 Hold, Christian, hold thy breast against this thorn,  
 And like the nightingale, in sweetest music mourn.

*Calvary. April 10.*

## Absolom's Tomb.

“**I**HAVE no son to keep my memory green;  
Therefore I set this pillar here of stone,  
In the King's dale.” This monument is seen  
By Kidron's bed, mid graves, like wrecked ships, strown  
On Olivet's ascent: This one alone  
Unreverenced, tho' royal bones it cover  
With seeming splendor from tall column shed.  
Vain-haired rebellion, thy short day is over.  
No worship thine of discaleed foot, or head  
Earth-bowed. In wrath at thy unfilial sin  
No righteous Jew esteems thee hallowed,  
But passing spits, and throws a stone therein.  
In our own youth an Absolom I see,  
And cast a stone, America, for thee.

*Valley of Jehosaphat, April 14.*

## The Origin of the Rose.

A LEGEND OF BETHLEHEM.

CONDEMNED to death of fire by slanderous tongue  
 A new Susanna stands in modest grace,  
 While sunset ray from heights of Bether flung  
 Transfigures with its glow the upturned face  
 While thus she prays : "O Spouse of Chastity,  
 As I am clean, and vowed to Thee alone,  
 Look on Thy Bride in this extremity,  
 And to Thy praise, my innocence make known."  
 Her look of purity pure souls may read :  
 For baser intellects the marvel : lo !  
 The blazing fagots turn to roses red  
 Those still unburned to flowers white as snow,  
 The first that bloomed on Judah's uplands fair  
 Whose sisters yet perfume the evening air.

*April 11.*

## The Wailing Place.

THE moaning sea against a rocky shore :  
 Such art thou, Israel, in thy awful woe,  
 With palm and forehead pressed forevermore  
 Upon those blocks that raised thy temple's glory ;  
 Or swaying palsied grey hairs to and fro,  
 And giving to the winds thy anguished story :  
 “ Oh for our Palace walls in desolation—  
 Temple and bucklered tower now overthrown :  
 Oh for the perished glories of our nation,  
 Oh for our priesthood fat and lazy grown,  
 Oh for our King and Pontiffs gone astray,  
 We sit alone and weep.” Oh restless sea !  
 Return, return, Jerusalem, and stay  
 The sobbing of thy mournful litany.

*Jerusalem, April 12.*



NEW'S WAILING PLACE.

Page 40.



WELL OF Bethesda, NAZARETH.

Page 40.



## House of Mary and Martha.

NOT by confusion of the natures twain  
 The mystery of Immanuel we confess :  
 Thought perfect God still perfect man no less,  
 To whom His toil brings weary heart and brain.  
 How oft that Man-God sinking 'neath the pain  
 Of cold indifference from men, would turn—  
 Unfearing His divining to stain—  
 Here in this “House of Dates,” to gentler cheer,  
 Where fire and love, both vestal-tended, burn :  
 One listens and one serves, but both, how dear !  
 And to our listening soul this human feeling  
 Unites us to Him by a fonder tie :  
 The human nature's verity revealing,  
 Our God himself seeks woman's sympathy.

*Bethany, April 13.*

## Kubbet Rahil.

**N**EW voices weeping now in Ramah sound ;  
 Not woman's piercing wail, but strong heartbreaking  
 For Rachel lost, although her child is found.  
 And after years the memory awakening  
 Jacob to filial Joseph will renew  
 The history of this saddest burial ground.  
 “ And when I came from Padan-Aram’s thrall  
 Rachel the best-beloved—Rachel the Ewe—  
 Her Benjamin unto Benoni making—  
 Died from me, under Bethlehem’s rude wall.  
 The fourteen years of toil in Laban’s fields  
 Were short compared with this grief’s endless day :  
 Nor rest to her sainted Machpelah yields :  
 I left her ‘mong the stones, in Ephrath’s way.”

*Bethlehem, April 12.*

ALL THAT REMAINS OF CAPE SPOONBILL.

FIG. 3



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FIG. 4





## Optimism.

THE sufferings of the present pilgrim time,  
The Apostle says, in nowise can compare  
With glory that shall be in Heaven's clime ;  
Smallest of trifles will appear the stair  
By which we climb, when, earthly vapors rising,  
The Orient an endless day shall bring :  
So in our bosoms justest, truest prizing,  
Small seem the perils of our journeying,  
To visit this the saddest of all lands  
O'er which the Jew as well as Christian grieves ;  
But still unfalsified the Scripture stands,  
For the large sorrow larger joy retrieves ;  
From Calvary the *empty* Tomb you see,  
And Olivet o'er towers Gethsemane.

*Jerusalem, April 22.*

## Contemplation and Labor.

"MARY'S PART SHALL NOT BE TAKEN AWAY."

¶ H, Martha, of the kindly ministration,  
 The lowly pallet strewed, the meal prepared,  
 Read not dejected in yon declaration,  
 Censure from lips that have thy serving shared.  
 Whose deeper meaning speaks, if understood,  
 No blame to thee, but near beatitude.  
 "Thy part, Oh Martha ! shall be taken away ;  
 From hands the ache, from eyes the scalding brine ;  
 The upturned face, the rest, these are to stay ;  
 And Mary's part will soon be also thine."  
 But through this life must go the sisters twain :  
 While heedless souls from innocence stray,  
 While dusty feet and hungry mouths remain,  
 Still must our Martha work, still must our Mary pray.

## Veronica Syriaca.

THE pious woman who with Jesus grieving  
The napkin to His blood-stained forehead gave  
The *Veron Icon* and her name receiving  
Slumbers long years in unremembered grave.  
But still an azure eye with glance that cheers  
Looks up, Spring after Spring. A floweret weaving—  
Sweet woof, where warp is rocky wilderness,—  
Soft scarf to dry the sudden, homesick tears  
Of wanderer far from feminine relieving.  
Oh flower! hearted like woman toward distress,  
Gladdening this desert land where lives no rose,  
Along my dusty path from Eriha,<sup>2</sup>  
How well your office does your name disclose :  
The Syrian Speedwell, or Veronica.

**Gethsemane. The Oil Press.**

THE Prince of Peace must wear the olive wreath ;  
 The Healer squeeze the oil-press to the end :  
 In sweat the gardener must his vineyard tend,  
 And in his hastened labor quicklier breathe.  
 Lo ! here, these gnarled and twisted trunks beneath  
 One treads the vat alone. Palm branches failing,  
 Olives rise up and sympathy extend.  
 These trees are crown and press : their leafage paling  
 Before that mortal agony, inclose  
 In quivering halo that bowed head, and veiling  
 Still chronicle those unrecorded woes.  
 He wears the thorn, the olive and the palm !  
 Such is the varied foliage of the Cross :  
 His service brings the sting, brings, too, the balm,  
 And crowns the end with *Nike Apteros*.<sup>3</sup>



OLIVE TREE IN GETHSEMANE.

PLATE 48.



“JERUSALEM BEGGER BOY.”

PLATE 49.



## The Madonna of the Sleep.<sup>+</sup>

DORMIO, SED VIGILAT COR MEUM.

**H**E sleeps ! yes, but his heart keeps vigil still ;  
 That baby heart, beating so peacefully,  
 But watches for the moment to fulfill  
 Redemption that shall universes free.  
 Watches for thorns and Cross that are to be,  
 Watches for Calvary, and that saddest rest  
 The last He takes upon His mother's knee  
 Before the Sepulchre receives its guest.  
 Again He sleeps on Galilean wave,  
 Again He comforts those of little faith,  
 Again His voice rebukes the yawning death,  
 And with the body also spirit saves.  
 Affrights thee rocky shore or raging sea ?  
 Courage, dear soul, He sleeps, but watches thee.

## Mount Moriah.

I STAND above Araunah's threshing floor :  
Far down the misty past I see him there—  
The wind from mid-earth ocean in his hair—  
And from uplifted apron see him pour  
The chaff-mixed grain into the judging air.  
It severs worth from waste, its blasts condemn  
The useless husks to Sodom's salted fire ;  
The heavy wheat descends toward Bethlehem.  
A sterner winnow than this thyme-sweet air  
The Faith that later sate, Jerusalem !  
Upon thy hill ; a sterner Judge who found  
Thee only worthy of the garner's care :  
When Ammon, and Philistia, Moab, Gath—  
All were the straw before His nostril's wrath.

## Jacob Returned From Syria.

A LEGEND.

“HY tithe of gold has graced the altar’s horn,  
 Thy tithe of cattle on that altar bled :  
 The tithe of wine and oil, of wheat and corn,  
 Of cumin, too, has rigorously been paid.  
 But wherefore has thy just right hand been stayed ?  
 Hast thou forgot the children to thee born,  
 The more than tenfold blessings of the womb ?  
 Is vow fulfilled thus, or command obeyed,  
 To give the fruit of field, or work of loom,  
 To tithe the earth—ourselves being denied—  
 To keep the grain, and give the husk outworn ?  
 Think’st thou Jehovah will be satisfied ?”  
 The angel vanished ; Israel adored  
 And consecrated Levi to the Lord.

*Bethel, April 22.*

## The Lion's Proselyte.<sup>5</sup>

DECEMBER'S noon is warm by Jacob's Well :

But hotter far the deathly feud of ages  
That, fed by slander and the lies of Hell,  
Between Samaria and Judah rages.

Lo ! Now a Jew with Sychar's woman meeting  
Here on this curb, with look ineffable  
Accosts her with most unexpected greeting  
With favor asked,—that shows more love than gift,  
Even the costliest, can ever tell.

“ Why ask for water, but that I may lift  
Your soul to holier thirst, slaking its pain  
In stream that flows perennial from above :  
Which tasted once need not be drawn again.”  
And Judah's Lion conquers thus by love.

## Epithalamium.

MARCH 25, A. D. 1.

THE westering sun on Carmel's forehead lies !  
And wooded slope and craggy promontory,  
Tho' seen, are mingled in one radiant glory.  
Majestic bridal of the earth and skies !  
Sing spirit guardians of high mysteries  
The nuptials by prophetic lips declared,  
In bridal chamber from eterne prepared,  
Adorned in purest white and richest dyes.  
Sing Bridegroom coming from supremest Heaven,  
Sing poor and low one raised to high embrace ;  
Sing the great joy to every mortal given  
In such ennobling of our human race.  
Religion's first, sublimest mystery,  
Humanity espoused by Deity !

*Nazareth, April 26.*

## Sea of Galilee.

Lo ! in the hollow of an emerald vase,  
With crimped and fluted rim, a sapphire lies !  
And seeming to our fond, enchanted gaze  
A piece of tearless Syria's bluest skies  
Slid down this grassy slope. A Peri's prize  
To carry back to Heaven. But say, what thrill  
Comes o'er us here ? Why dim the merriest eyes  
With tender thoughts that Bethlehem did not raise  
Nor Nazareth nor Jerusalem fulfill ?  
The glare of lamps supplants the stable's gloom ;  
Proud church ill compensates with proudest lays  
The quiet of the Home, the silence of the Tomb—  
But here no change—What *His* eye saw, we see,  
The sweetest picture is blue Galilee.

*Above Tiberias, April 27.*

“*Sequere Me.*”

ON THE SHORE OF GALILEE.

SOMETIME in life to every human heart  
 Imperative these words come; haply thrilling  
 Our careless apathy with awful start  
 Like Saul of Tarsus: Or, it may be, filling  
 To perfectness, what was before but part,  
 So silently, we deem it our own willing.  
 So speaks the sun to yonder glittering snow  
 On Hermon piled. And drop by drop distilling  
 It leaves its skyey throne and downward speeds  
 Reaching unconsciously this bluest wave,  
 Through darksome wadies, or through flower gemmed  
 meads,  
 It forms for feet of Jesus sapphire pave.  
 Refuse not, soul, to come to lower ground  
 If there the calling Fisherman is found !

*Bethsaida, April 28.*

## A Legend of Tyre.

**A**LONG this dimpled beach walked Hercules,  
 With hand of maid best-loved within his own :  
 His dog, who gamboled on before them, sees  
 A spiny shell upon the margin thrown  
 And bit it hard; the purple gushing shown  
 So gorgeous, cried the girl, in extacies :  
 “Such dress obtain, or never call me bride !”  
 He loved : And love invents the Tyrian’s pride.  
 Alas ! Jerusalem, a hero stood--  
 A stronger—at thy gate and asked thy hand ;  
 He wooed thee in the vesture of His blood,  
 Than Tyrian Murex thousand-fold more grand.  
 Ah blind and foolish maid ! Ah spouse untrue !  
 Still to reject a Lover in such hue.

## NOTES.

1. As this goes to press, Very Rev. Chas. A. Vissani, Commisary of the Holy Land, informs me that the Franciscan Guardians of Palestine have obtained possession of two Holy places in Siloe, since the Pilgrimage.
2. Eriha. The modern Arabic name for Jericho.
3. Nike Apteros. The Athenians built a temple to the *Victory Without Wings*, hoping that that diety would never fly from them.
4. Madonna of the Sleep. A painting in the possession of the author, by Chas. P. Durward.
5. The Lion's Proselyte. The Jews called the Samaritans "Proselytes of the lion," in derision, alleging that they were converted to the worship of the true God only by the ravages of the beasts that came up from the Jordan valley, and that ceased on their calling on Jehovah.

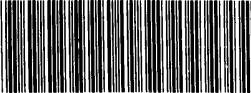








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